

BUYING FALL WEAR

Dream in Myrtle Green, Gold and Black.

TWO CLOAKS FOR A WESTERN TRIP

The Ever Handy and Sometimes Stylish Macintosh—How to Have Your Clothes Always Complain Nicely.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD—Copyrighted.]

It was at the club—at dinner.

"Like this suit," quoth he, "better than any other suit I own, and I think that the reason is because it is an American suit."

"An American suit! My good fellow, you must be dreaming. How can you like an American suit better than an English suit?"

exclaimed a kindred club spirit.

"Like it because it is better. It costs more—costs almost double—what an English suit costs, but then you see it fits a man beautifully. And you can't depend upon an English suit to do that. I've been buying my clothes four times a year of a London tailor, but lately I have made up my mind that American tailors and American cloth are good enough for me."

"What brought you to this frame of mind?"

"Why the fit of my clothes for one thing, the promptness with which I get them, and then what pleases me better than anything else, is the fact that in America I can go to my tailor and buy a whole piece of goods. There are just seven yards in the piece, and I order a suit made of it. I can then feel assured that no one else will have a suit just exactly like it. It is select piece goods, I pay a good price for it and I get an excellent fit. Now, why should I go over to the other side and take any thing that I can get, just because it is English?"

Thus spake the successor to the first king of the duds.

The same day some women were lunching—also at the club. Spoke one: "I have found such an excellent tailor in this country. He makes my clothes beautifully, and though I pay a little more than I pay in

Paris, they are really worth it, because when they are done they are so perfectly satisfactory! Now this gown for example: It bears every resemblance to an imported dress. It has all the French chic, the London finish, and is like the foreign texture. Yet it was all achieved right here in New York. This lovely shade of myrtle green combines so exquisitely with cold embroidery upon the vest and cuffs that the combination is admired by every one. And the Persian Lamb which edges

EVERYTHING IN THE WAY OF TRIMMING sets off the gown so charmingly, that I find that I have not only a stylish fall dress for the street, but that I have also a dress that I can wear to informal dinners, if I so desire."

"I quite agree with you," quoth another, "I see no reason why we should cross the ocean to get our clothes—especially as many London tailors have branch establishments here and many of the Paris dress makers are sent over by New York houses. It is really ridiculous to think that New York cannot supply us."

After this energetic speech the teacups rattled anew in the saucers and the clink of tiny forks among oyster shells and the jingle of tiny chains drew out what might have been further remarks.

The gown which served for both street and dinner occasions was certainly all that its owner had boasted it to be, and the dude in his American suit looked quite as natty and dapper as his next door neighbor in English trousers and Paris coat. So, perhaps, if people are feeling this way we shall all get to having our clothes made at home.

If the old adage be true, the dress makes the man, it is no less true that it also makes the woman.

If you are inclined to doubt this in the slightest respect just gaze upon the picture and see how much an outdoor garb changed a woman in a space of time almost too brief to mention. The woman was a pretty New Yorker and she was going away for a winter's outing through the west. She intended to travel most of the time, but had planned to stop over at ever so many places where she would desire to appear like any well dressed lady of the times.

Going to one of the large dressmaking establishments, she requested that she be fitted with garments that were in stock if possible so there might be no delay in the making. Moreover, she did not desire many changes of clothing. She could not be hampered with many cloaks and dresses. She expected to be out in all sorts of weather and she wanted to look nice whether in snow, rain, hail, sunshine, wind or storm.

First, she was fitted with a charming coat of broad, heavily trimmed with jets. There

was a very tall collar of ostrich tips. The coat was profusely adorned with jet pendants, hanging from the shoulders, back and the under arm seams. These were long and numerous and gave the coat a remarkably dressy appearance. In length it was known as a short three quarter, and thus it served to hide the plainness of the traveling skirt, which might often be worn with it. A tiny creation of ostrich tips, velvet and a bird made of hat which could be packed

away in a box one fourth the size of an ordinary hat box.

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Attached to the storm cloak, is a cape with high puffed sleeves and the most fashionable gathered back that you can imagine. There is also a Medici collar, a pointed yoke, and everything which a well regulated cloak requires in order to be in the fashion. Get a cloak like this, or one that suits you as well, and then wear it every time it looks like rain. And you will find that you are twice as happy and that your clothes will keep fresh twice as long as when they were subject to sudden showers, and the uncertainties of sleet and snow.

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"That you must wear gloves, stitched to match your hat?"

"That watches are hung upon a gold knot which is pinned to the waist?"

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LIVELY DOINGS AT CORK.

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THEATRE DANCING

Now it is the Lofly Jump That New York Raves Over.

WRIGGLING, KICKING, JUMPING

How Fougere Has Captured Carmencita's Votes and Become the Craze of the Hour.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD—Copyrighted.]

HE first departure from orthodox stage dancing in New York having been introduced by Carmencita, so the latest in this line is Fougere, who is the craze of the hour. New York was astonished by Carmencita and Otero, and was equally unprepared for this new performance so different from theirs.

Mlle. Fougere may have got her ideas for the form her activity has taken on the stage from traditions of the freestyle. When some one remarks, "There's a rat," femininity is supposed to gather up its skirts and at once bound spring wildly up into the highest chair. Femininity does not appear at its best during this action, but Fougere gathers up her skirts and jumps, and half New York goes out of its way to see her do it. The worshippers of Carmencita in art and high society have adopted her—jumps and all.

Fougere is a much less exalted fair than the beautiful body dancer, but of the two women of Spain who charmed the hearts of New Yorkers last season, she is more nearly

THE TYPE OF CARMENCITA.

She at least resembles her in possessing a surprising stock of jocular abandon, but Carmencita with her sinuous movements and superb poses electrified and charmed those who saw her. When Carmencita sank on one knee and let her supple body fall back, with her arms in graceful circles above her head it all looked so delightfully easy that no doubt some bodies were broken in trying it if doing was as pleasant as it looked to be. Fougere's influence over her audience is due to the sparkle, wildness and vim of her performance. The calm audacity of Otero's postures and the harmonious and sensual charm of her dancing are the

most extreme contrast to the effervescent and free activity of the French chanteuse. One feature, however, of Fougere's performance on the stage seems to indicate that in seeking a successor to Carmencita who might surprise New York as did the Spanish, significant reliance was not placed in action alone, but to this it was necessary to add some feature whose eye catching qualities had been tested elsewhere. Paris has thoroughly approved of the head dress as set for the "chanteuse excentrique," and Fougere wears a fan shaped arrangement of a flimsy material, brightened with hand painted flowers and tiny spangles that towers to a great height above her head.

There is the same scene as of old at the ball where Carmencita danced. Again it is crowded for a few minutes every evening, but the little chanteuse of Marseilles is the attraction during these few minutes where three months ago was the Pearl of Seville. New York never saw anything like

THE WONDERFUL GRACE OF CARMENCITA, and surely New York has never seen anything to equal the performance of Fougere. Imagine an Apache in a setting of petite Parisian femininity, and you have at least one side of the little Marseilles. I went to see her perform with some feeling that it was a shame that so thrilling a sight should be gathering laurels from the very same bush as did the beautiful Carmencita, and gathering them with almost equal ease. She came on the stage in a vision of yellow and spangles. Her little skirt stopped at her knees. The only bit of contrasting color in her costume was the dark ostrich feathers that surrounded her huge fan-shaped headgear. But the face of the chanteuse took the gaze away from the gaudy, colored fittings. Louis Charet has made the advertising boards of Paris artistically famous by painting just such faces, with a saucy charm of the Parisienne. Carmencita, when she began her wonderful performance, cast a smile down into the audience that was radiant and soul stirring. Serenely, "Fougere's" smile carried with it the exhilaration of irresistible gaiety. It was flashed at once the feeling of bonhomie, and it was rendered, debonair the little careless swagger that accomplished her cafe concert song. Mademoiselle's voice played a variety of moods, but the most noticeable cadence of the music was stirred to an enchanting swing by her arms and hands. "Mademoiselle is not a dancer," said her manager, "she is a chanteuse." Perhaps, but her eyes danced and her fingers danced. She had not sung two minutes before the whole stage seemed to be in motion with the tra-la-la-la of the music. It was as if humming birds and butterflies were all around the little singer. It was the very champagne bubble of merriment, but in the midst of it, reaching the end of a complete that had drawn forth a laugh, she, grasping the back of her skirt with both hands, turned with a joyous swing and strutted up and down the stage. Concomitantly having been thus kicked in the face, mademoiselle discarded her head dress, as it alone remained to restrain her from a complete surrender to the fantastic spirit that flashed from her eyes.

WHAT FORM SHOULD HER ARABIAN TAKE? It was that which is usually rendered most

awkward. It began with the kangaroo walk, at the close of the third class variety stage. Then back close to the footlights, erect, and with hands and feet immovable, she swings her hips from side to side, falling in with the prevailing fashion, with fallings on the shoulders and at the sides, but quite plain front and back. Inside of this there was a plain lining of mosses or rubber, which was in turn covered with a beautiful shade of bright red silk. The silk was not designed to show on the outside but could if one wished, be wrapped around the shoulders in all its caudiness in a parlor car, or in the friendly cabin of a boat. There was a tall standing collar of natural beaver which combined beautifully with the cape and its lining. A jersey hat went with this, and all was well with the appearance of the traveler.

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